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JUNE 3, 1957 25c

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Washington Wire

Stiffening the Spine

IT IS GOOD to see that Eisenhower has been goaded to fight for his foreign-aid program and his budget. This column defended the Eisenhower budget from the first. We were practically alone. The President's "friends," like the US Chamber of Commerce, Secretary Humphrey, and the one-party press, attacked it. Eisenhower himself welshed in the battle. Now, after a series of really incredible vacillations, something has strengthened his spine. We are delighted. The $71.8 billion budget is not too big; it barely keeps pace with the country's growth. It is, of course, in flat contradiction to Eisenhower's 1952 promise of a "$60 billion" budget.

Even Nixon has come out for the President's budget. Taking sides is the last thing the adroit Vice President wants to do. But events forced the declaration, which was made before the Iron and Steel Institute. Even so, Nixon managed to assert that Eisenhower had reduced the national debt by "$5 billion." The facts: the national debt when Eisenhower took office—$267 billion; debt today—$274.5 billion.

In a prepared speech for the Democratic rally in Washington, May 4, Adlai Stevenson was scheduled to urge the Democratic Party not to try to "out Republican the Republicans on the issue of budget-cutting." If the Democrats followed such a tack, he warned, "it is going to be hard to take us seriously again as the party of the people." Many of the papers quoted him to this effect. But in delivery Stevenson omitted this courageous phrase. He did so in the interest of party harmony. We are sorry he made the deletion. It again emphasizes what a lonely road between the spokesmen of the two parties the independent liberal follows in American politics. This reporter criticizes the GOP, but how little the Democrats offer of a constructive character.

Coming back through London recently we noted the difference in British politics. There the opposition Labour Party does not merely sit back and criticize. It has just produced a full-scale plan for national retirement pensions, modeled largely (*it would appear*) on the Danish system. This new plan of Richard Crossman's may be good or bad; we can hardly judge. But the point is that when a political party goes into opposition in Britain it maintains cohesion and organization and feels bound to offer something positive. In the US if Ford outsells Chevrolet, Chevrolet gets out a better model. But if the GOP outsells the Democrats, the Democrats just sit back and carp.

The Mission of Monarchs

WE WERE NEVER so conscious before in England of the way the public is rallying around the royal family. The bruised nation is turning to it as the symbol of past glories. It approaches a religion. At the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy steady groups collected and cooed before new portraits (in separate rooms) of the Queen and of Prince Philip. A popular Sunday paper devoted half of one side of its front page to reminiscences of the Duke of Windsor, the other to the Queen's visit to Denmark. Titillation over whether the Queen will or won't visit the US fills the *Daily Express*. We admire the royal family and we love the British, with whose fate (we believe) America's is indissolubly connected. But it cannot be denied that a queen's visit to America gives to some hyper-sensitive Englishmen an opportunity to bolster their self-esteem at the expense of crass Americans. We can see no particular harm in this if it helps soothe ruffled British feelings. But we must brace ourself for the stylized picture which the popular London press will draw of the crude, gaping Yanks enthusiastically shouting "Hi, ya Queeny!" in contrast to the serene good-natured dignity of the royal couple. British feelings never needed assuagement of this sort more than they do now!

Friendly Formosa

THE BIG news last week was the explosion of anti-American mob feeling in Formosa. We have seen nothing that had such a stunning effect on the Capital for a long time. It has been an article of postwar Congressional dogma that the Chiang Chinese were goodies and the Mainland Chinese were baddies, and here we are—bitten by a friend! It is an unfair but irresistible temptation to compare our surprise at the discovery in Formosa with the Russians' similar discovery in Hungary. It is the harder to face because the US poured wealth and good-will into Formosa while Moscow siphoned wealth out of Hungary. Now investigating Congressmen speak darkly of Communist "infiltration." But if the Reds can infiltrate Chiang's dictatorship, the situation is perilous indeed. The time has come, in short, to review America's whole relationship to Asia. No better beginning could be made (TRB feels) than perusal of this magazine's "Communist China—A Special Report." The present situation is wholly unrealistic. We have cut ourselves off "from one quarter of the human race." Our Allies ridicule us. We face an immediate revolt over our embargo on trade.

Applying the Pressure

ON THE GOP political front, it now appears that Homer Capehart (R, Ind.), of all people, is picked to replace William Knowland (R, Cal.) as Senate party leader when the latter retires next year. Capehart is a reactionary, ex-isolationist. But as token of his forthcoming new Administration responsibility he has just announced that he will vote for foreign aid—for the first time in 10 years. Meanwhile a showdown lies ahead between Eisenhower and Knowland over treaty ratification of the upcoming International Atomic Energy Agency. This is one of Ike's pets. Knowland personally opposes it. To pass, it needs a two-thirds' vote. Eisenhower has now hinted through the *New York Times* that he will use his "veto" in the GOP convention of 1960 against a candidate opposing him on foreign affairs. This is clear warning to Knowland. Knowland wants to be President. If Eisenhower sticks to his guns (and nobody can be sure he will), for the first time he will be applying strong pressure at a sensitive point to get a major bill passed.

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

JUNE 3, 1957

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VOL. 136, NO. 22, ISSUE 2218

A Communication

► *Eisenhower and Congress*

IF Mr. Eisenhower fails as a national leader in his second term, it should be plain that it will be attributed more to his mishandling of the Congress than to a general loss of public confidence. I believe the President's troubles with Congress are related to three basic causes: the 22nd Amendment; the President's "unmodern" conception of the Presidency; and his failure to establish a sympathetic working relationship with individual Congressmen.

Almost literally, the first bitter fruits of the 22nd Amendment dropped into Mr. Eisenhower's lap as he sat on the inaugural stand last January, for on that day the struggle for succession began within the Republican Party. As the present intra-party struggle intensifies it is not an overstatement to say that the Republicans have lost sight of their 1956 platform in the scramble to determine

(*Continued on page 22*)

Stassen's Pursuit

ON April 26, it is now known, the Russian negotiator at the London arms talks conceded three points which had heretofore blocked agreement. He dropped the previous Soviet demand for US evacuation of all foreign military bases. He gave up the proposal that nuclear weapons be destroyed forthwith. And he offered to open Russian territory to aerial inspection (a plan that had been denounced by no less than the Russian chief of state as a devious Western intelligence scheme).

The Eisenhower Administration, after prolonged soul-searching, has responded by giving Harold Stassen more detailed instructions on an acceptable inspection plan and sending him back to London. The fact that our government was compelled to go beyond general endorsement of an open skies proposal and get down to the fine print in any agreement is evidence that the odds for successful negotiations are approaching 50-50. We are justified in taking the London talks seriously.

There is particular need now for the general public to understand the basic assumptions on which these talks are proceeding, because any agreement that is reached must then pass muster in the US Senate, where it will require a two-thirds vote for approval.

The first assumption guiding our negotiators is that any agreement must be self-enforcing. "Sincerity" or good faith is a concept "about as applicable to the Soviet mind," one official commented, "as to the carburetor of a car." Thus, in the case of aerial inspection, a Russian plane entering free world territory on an inspection flight would be required to put into an airport and be searched for bombs, and a free world observer, presumably an American if Russian planes flew over this country, would board the plane to report any violation of the inspection rules.

Similarly, if both sides agree to a "thin-slice cutback" of existing armaments, other than nuclear warheads, the weapons which the Russians agree to give up would be surrendered to an international inspection agency, an agent for the UN Security Council, and verification would pose no problem. Inspection of a cutback in manpower or military expenditures is more difficult to organize, hence less likely to be included in any initial agreement, although both proposals are still under discussion.

The second premise on which Mr. Stassen is proceeding is that if the Russians accept an arms agreement, it will be because they believe it gives them a tangible *security* advantage, not merely a propaganda advantage. The key Russian concern, our negotiators surmise, is over the instability of the nuclear arms race. If the Kremlin thinks that this race will inevitably lead to a nuclear war, why would it not be prepared to make some concessions in order to prevent future Perons and Nassers from developing their own nuclear weapons? Russia is concerned, too, over the burden of

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armaments costs (though our negotiators place this low on the list; past Russian arms budgets have been larger than ours in relation to the size of the economy). Also inherent in the American position is an assumption that if Russia accepts arms limitation which includes aerial inspection in the Arctic, she cannot be contemplating an atomic Pearl Harbor at this time, and is not following a plan directed toward military conquest of the world in the foreseeable future.

Once any inspection system has gone into operation, the pressures upon Russia will be for more openness, not less. The opening up of Soviet territory to officials from the West would mean some revision of the prevailing stereotype of the Soviet Union, publicly expressed by some of our highest officials, and believed by a large part of the American people. The current issue of *McCall's*, for example, reports a straw vote which suggests a third of all Americans believe the Soviet Union is preparing to attack the United States within two years.

A fourth premise in the arms talks is that a safeguarded cutback of Russian and American arms would enhance *our* security. This is more radical than it sounds. For once inspection and arms control begin, we must either move toward broader and broader controls, or retreat with mutual recriminations into a more severe cold war. Those who argue for a cautious first step at London are also arguing for ultimate reliance on arms control rather than on an arms race. This, presumably, was the root of the conflict between Harold Stassen and Admiral Radford. The difference has immediate importance, for a successful first step at London at once brings into question some Pentagon arguments in favor of next year's $42 billion arms budget.

A FINAL assumption in the talks—and the only absurdity, we trust—is that world arms control can be devised without mentioning Communist China. Red China possesses the world's largest land army, yet she could not participate in the "thin-slice cutback" of weapons without being brought into formal relationship with the UN Security Council, which the US has long opposed. Likewise, Red China is extracting fissionable uranium and thorium and is constructing a 7,000-kilowatt atomic power generator for 1957 completion. The only way this atomic development can be restricted to peaceful purposes is to be brought under control of the new International Atomic Energy Agency, from which the Chinese are now barred.

If Harold Stassen's patient pursuit proves successful —as *The New Republic* fervently hopes—the President and the Cabinet will have a formidable task in preparing American opinion for a new relationship with the Soviet world—less tense, less cynical, yet no less realistic and cautious.

Traffic Jam Upstairs

IF THE traffic jam in the air is bad now, what will it be when commercial airlines get their 141 new jet transports into operation in early 1959? It's not just a problem of numbers—29,000 aircraft in 1936, 90,000 today, 125,000 by 1975—but of how to separate DC-7s and Viscounts, which are flying higher and higher, from the jets soaring over them.

When 128 passengers lost their lives last summer in the collision of two airliners over the Grand Canyon, Congress hurriedly appropriated additional funds for radar facilities. At the same time, the President's aviation adviser, Edward P. Curtis, speeded up his study of what air traffic controls will be needed in the future. Mr. Curtis' report has now been completed. It is an excellent report—that is, it analyzes what's wrong and what we must do about it—but it has one important failing: it leads us into another traffic jam, a political one.

The major recommendation of the Curtis report is for the creation of a new independent Federal Aviation Agency,

> into which are consolidated all the essential management functions necessary to support the common needs of the military and civil aviation of the United States.

But, says the report, for a variety of administrative reasons this Agency can not come into being for at least three years. Meanwhile it urges an interim Airways Modernization Board. This board would theoretically pave the way for consolidation of air-traffic-control authority in the new single agency. But in practice the board is likely to be a house divided against itself. It will consist of three persons: a representative of the Defense Department, another of the Commerce Department, and a third who will serve as Chairman. Decisions must be unanimous before the board can take from Defense or Commerce powers these departments now have

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over air traffic control and other aviation facilities. In the light of the past ten years of jealous bickering between the Pentagon and a succession of Commerce Secretaries, unanimous disagreement is more likely than agreement. No government agency is ever eager to give up any of its authority. If and when a Federal Aviation Agency takes over, the Commerce Department would find its budget sharply cut, for today 53 percent of its employees and 56 percent of its funds are in the Civil Aeronautics Administration and related services.

Put briefly, if order is to come out of the chaos of overlapping jurisdictions, and a single Federal Aviation Agency is to come into being, soon, some heads will have to be knocked together. Mr. Curtis' report does not show us how that is to be accomplished.

Riot in Taipeh

IN THE old days in China, Americans and other outsiders could behave as they pleased toward the less privileged Chinese about them; and the so-called "treaty system" which gave foreigners this extra-territorial immunity became for the Chinese a symbol of their subservience to the white West. The storming and sacking of American installations in Taipeh last week shows how slowly we learn. For eight years after the white West was thrown out of China, 9,000 of us are once more living among Chinese—now in Formosa—and enjoying immunity that we do not claim anywhere else.

Elsewhere the United States has "status of forces" agreements which concede to local authorities, in varying degrees, jurisdiction over all offenses by US military personnel except those committed on duty or against US property. These agreements allow the host country to waive jurisdiction, and in 90 percent of the cases US requests for waivers have been granted. From December 1, 1953, to November 30, 1956, for example, there were 32,059 alleged offenses by US troops subject to foreign jurisdiction. Only 9,054 were tried in foreign courts, and jail sentences were suspended in all but 305 cases. The fact that we have such agreements does not prevent trouble from occurring, as is proved by the recent shooting by a GI of a Japanese woman gathering empty cartridges on a US firing range. But a decent respect for national sensitivities can help avert the kind of violent upsurge of resentment we witnessed in Taipeh. There is no excuse for the fact that US negotiations with the Chiang government to define the status of our military forces on Formosa have dragged on nearly two years.

The House Foreign Affairs Committee promises to investigate what lay behind the rioting. It will discover, as Walter Briggs of the *New York Herald-Tribune* reported from Formosa, that "whoever the agitators were, they played on a widespread human resentment against extra-territoriality."

FROM THE

Congressional Record

MONDAY, MAY 20, 1957

Clams and Flaming Swords

[*On the amendment to strike out an additional $30,000 for Senate kitchens and restaurants.*]

MR. DOUGLAS: We may expect that there will be a subsidy of from $75,000 to $80,000 of the taxpayers' money for meals eaten by Senators, their guests, and others who patronize the [Senate] restaurant facilities. . . . For example, our famous bean soup costs us only 15 cents a cup, or 20 cents a bowl. I defy anyone to get as large quantities, for such a low price. . . . I don't believe we want to put ourselves in the position before the public of getting a $75,000 or $80,000 subsidy on the meals which we and our guests consume. I hope very much the amendment may be accepted.

MR. MAGNUSON: I should like to note for the *Record* that what we read on the menu and what we get in the restaurant have no relation to each other. So far as clam chowder is concerned, I defy the Senator from Illinois to find any clams in it.

MR. DOUGLAS: I used to have the same experience when I would be furnished with oyster stew at church socials. . . .

MR. NEUBERGER: . . . . I have not been impressed by the fact that the prices are so cheap, as the Senator from Illinois says they are. It may be that because the Senator from Illinois represents, in part, a state which has a city that contains the famous Pump Room, he has Pump Room prices in mind.

MR. DOUGLAS: I have never been to the Pump Room in my life. I am not accustomed to dining off flaming swords.

MR. NEUBERGER: . . . . Recently I was home in Portland, and I made some speeches throughout the state. Because I am watching my weight and my cholesterol, I had the same lunch there that I habitually eat here, which consisted of fruit and cottage-cheese salad, and also a low-calorie dessert and coffee. That cost me, in one of the family restaurants in downtown Portland, 85 cents.

MR. DIRKSEN: Mr. President, I have heard those gastronomical fulminations from around Washington for the past 25 years. I think Senators eat too much anyway, if the truth be known, but I rise only to defend the Senate restaurant contractor. He is from Chicago. I know him very well.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The question is on agreeing to the amendment offered by the Senator from Illinois [Mr. Douglas].

The amendment was rejected.

Soil Bank

NO DOUBT of it, the House was trying to humiliate Secretary of Agriculture Benson when, by 192-187, it voted no funds—hence sudden death—for the soil bank acreage reserve under which President Eisenhow had planned to pay farmers $700 million during coming crop year. This swipe at Mr. Benson was ak an earlier humiliation which the Senate handed T lican propagandist Arthur Larson. In this case abetted by Congressmen interested only in cr

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President's budget. When allowance is made for this, the fact emerges that many Congressmen think the acreage reserve plan, passed with much ballyhoo during the 1956 election campaign, has failed. A House Appropriations Committee report condemning the plan with 100 pages of evidence drew no dissents from Republicans on the Committee and no minority report was filed.

The President's soil-bank plan, it will be recalled, had two parts: acreage reserve and conservation reserve. Under the first, a farmer agreed for one year not to grow crops such as corn, wheat or cotton on land normally used for that purpose; he would then be paid from the Treasury the estimated net profit he would have made on the crop had he planted it. It is this half of the soil-bank plan that the House has struck down after only one-year trial that cost $260 million.

At the same time the House commended the other half of the President's plan, the *conservation reserve,* under which a farmer contracts for a period of years to stop growing surplus crops on land which can then be replanted in trees, pasture, or put to certain other conservation uses. The Treasury pays the farmer a subsidy during a transitional period.

THE most telling argument against the acreage plan was that it failed to lower production. Even though farmers during 1956 placed in the reserve 10 percent of the national corn and wheat land, and six percent of the cotton land, production remained at record levels. It is generally agreed that many farmers took the government payments on their idle land, bought more fertilizer for their remaining acres, and thus kept output the same.

Another complaint: too much of last year's $260 million went to large, corporation-type farms, such as:

McCarthy and Hildebrand (California) $29,723
J. W. B. Farms Inc. (Colorado) $45,817
Garvey Farms (Colorado and Kansas) $61,354
Kochunoe Bros. Inc. (Connecticut) $29,829
J. E. Shepard (Connecticut) $40,162
Adams Bros. and Co. (Iowa) $49,248
George C. Chance (Texas) $48,093.

There was nothing illegal about these payments. But in its report on the bill the Appropriations Committee harged some corporations purchased big blocks of land 956 for no other purpose than to collect the govern- l-bank subsidy.

omplaint: in one South Carolina county cent of the cotton land was placed in the e, cotton gin operators, farm machinery er farm supply businesses were prostrate. ssions were reported.

on has now written to both Houses of ng a complete reappraisal of farm pro- oming year, looking toward enactment 58, another election year. What happens to the soil bank during that year is less important than the need for a new constructive approach before Congress goes home next year to sagging farm incomes and mounting surpluses.

Financing the Debt

THE PRESS has suddenly become aware—even alarmed —about the trouble the Treasury is having in managing the national debt. In this issue of *The New Republic*, an economist at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce describes the nature of the trouble and suggests what might be done about it.

There's no doubt that the Treasury *is* up against a problem, though "crisis" may be too strong a word to describe it. It is having to pay a higher interest rate almost every time it exchanges a new issue for a maturing one, as it must do to the extent of billions of dollars each year. This means that the interest cost of the national debt is rising (though not "skyrocketing," as some recent articles have charged). Neither Treasury Chief Humphrey nor his financial Under-Secretary Randolph Burgess deny this is so: their defense is that the tight money policy of the Federal Reserve, which is the cause of higher interest costs, is essential in the fight against inflation. That is the debatable point.

There is no question that the Treasury has had difficulty in refinancing its debt twice this year. Holders of some 28 percent of one recent matured issue demanded cash instead of the new issues the Treasury offered in exchange, despite extremely attractive interest rates on the new issue. This heavy "attrition" does not, however, offer any present threat to the Treasury's cash position, let alone to the credit of the US. Shortly after the heavy attrition, the Treasury easily raised $1.5 billion in new cash, with bids totalling more than double the amount the Treasury wanted.

One related, but seldom-mentioned, point in all this debate is that the difficulties tight money poses for the Treasury stem in part from financing decisions made back in the World War II years. In those years, the Treasury sold billions of dollars of large-denomination savings bonds, called F and G bonds, a sort of rich man's E bond, to sophisticated investors such as trust funds. Today, the interest rate on those bonds looks very sick compared to the yields available on other bonds in the market. And so the sophisticated holders of these bonds have been cashing them at a tremendous rate. This, together with other unexpected cash drains, has forced the Treasury to turn to short-term financing from the banks to replenish its cash. And that kind of financing is directly inflationary—amounting almost to a "resort to the printing press." Bank-held debt has not risen dramatically, but it is higher today than it would other-

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wise have been. The Federal Reserve has been forced, against its will, to supply funds to the banks to buy these Treasury issues—thus contributing to the very inflationary pressures it and the Federal Reserve are trying to combat.

One high Treasury official put the problem succinctly: "We are discovering that at some point tight money begins to work against itself when you have a debt structure like ours."

The Court Orders

STEPHEN GIRARD was a wealthy Philadelphia merchant, and a worthy citizen in the early days of the Republic. Upon his death in 1831 he left $6 million in trust to establish a "college" for the education of "poor, white, male orphans between the ages of six and ten years." The city of Philadelphia was named as trustee, though since 1869, by virtue of a Pennsylvania statute, the trust is administered by the Board of Directors of City Trusts of the city of Philadelphia. On this Board sit the Mayor of Philadelphia, the president of the city council, the Treasurer of the city and 12 citizens appointed by the judges of Common Pleas.

The Girard will made two journeys to the Supreme Court; each time its validity was sustained against attempts by Girard's heirs to upset it. The first case provided the occasion for one of Daniel Webster's most famous arguments before the Court.

Nearly a century and a quarter after Girard's death, two boys—poor, male orphans between the ages of 6 and 10, but not white—applied for admission to Girard College, and, in accordance with the terms of the trust, were rejected by the Board. The boys sued in the Pennsylvania courts to compel their admission, charging that the Board's action in excluding them on grounds of color alone violated the 14th Amendment. The issue was whether the Board's action could be said to be "state [or city] action," for the 14th Amendment prohibitions against discrimination do not apply to the acts of private persons, no matter how benighted.

The Pennsylvania Supreme Court held that the exclusion of Negroes was the result of Girard's private disposition of his own estate. The mere fact that the trust was administered by a public agency did not bring the acts of the trustee within the scope of the 14th Amendment. The two boys sought review of this determination in the Supreme Court. The Court has just granted the petition, and, without hearing argument, reversed the Pennsylvania decision in a short, perfunctory order.

We have previously called attention to the Court's unbroken practice since the Second Public School Segregation Cases in 1955 of summarily disposing of cases involving questions of racial segregation. The present case is a particularly egregious example of that practice. One can, of course, understand the considerations that may have led the Court to refrain from adding by a jot or tittle to the words it spoke two years ago. "Least said soonest mended" has its applications, some of the most forceful, in the law as elsewhere. But the Court has a responsibility, constitutional and moral, to explain by reasoned exegesis the grounds of its decisions and their connection with what has gone before.

The point here made is not, of course, that the Court's decision was indefensible. On the contrary, it can very readily be supported, though it is certainly not self-evident. The point is that the Court made no attempt to defend it. And what is worse, the decision was made without argument and without even plenary briefs directed to the merits of the case. These are violations of orderly and decent procedure which the Court would hardly permit in a lower court or an administrative agency.

At bottom there is a deeper issue. The attack on the Court in many quarters in the South today proceeds on the assertion that the Court is a vessel of arbitrary power. That it has vast power to affect and modify our national line of growth nobody will deny. Whether the power is arbitrary depends, in the end, upon the regularity of its exercise, and the principal check we have in this regard is the Court's obligation to expose its reasoning processes to professional and public criticism. When the Court decides difficult cases on the merits without reasons, it comes dangerously close to legitimizing the Southern charge that it acts by fiat. This is surely not the policy of wisdom, whatever may be the comforts of silence.

Democracy in Unions

SOME time ago, the first week Dave Beck appeared before the McClellan Committee, we pointed out the need for federal legislation which would assure full public accounting of the financial affairs of labor unions and provide closer federal scrutiny of union welfare and pension funds. Although it appears unlikely that any such legislation will be approved by this session of Congress, it will come in time. But financial responsibility and accountability is only one part of the problem. The other part is how union members can be protected from arbitrary and undemocratic (though not necessarily corrupt) leaders.

The AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Committee had this problem in view in publishing last week a code for its member unions on "the democratic character of the labor movement." The principles set forth in the code—including one upholding a member's right to vote for his officers in an honest election at least every four years (Teamsters' elections are every five years)—will un-

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doubtedly curb some abuses of power by union leadership. Unions which fall short of AFL-CIO standards will be asked to explain why they are not willing to play according to the rules. Such codes create a moral climate. And it will be harder in the future for anyone to run his union as a personal machine without regard to basic democratic procedures.

But having granted this, let us in the interest of realism note that the unions which comprise the AFL-CIO are autonomous. The AFL-CIO is their creature, not vice versa. The federation may advise and admonish, but neither it nor the Congress can legislate "union democracy." For democracy is a reality or a dead-letter depending upon the desire of both the leadership and the membership to encourage active and enlightened participation.

To illustrate, let us take the case of the United Steelworkers of America. It has approved the AFL-CIO code, thereby affirming every unionist's right "to voice his views as to the method in which the union's affairs should be conducted," and agreeing that union elections "should be free, fair and honest." Moreover, the Steelworkers themselves on April 17 published their own code, expressing opposition to racketeers, crooks, Communists, Fascists, the taking of the 5th Amendment by any union official, and any misuse of health and welfare funds. "Any departure," it declares, "from the most exacting ethical principles is harmful not only to the people directly affected but to the whole fabric of our civilization."

Now let us examine how these "exacting ethical principles" are observed in one instance.

Last September, at the Steelworkers' convention, several delegates criticized the raising of President David McDonald's salary to $50,000 a year. But there was greater protest over increasing the membership dues to $5 a month. A majority of the delegates voted for the dues boost, but the grumbling continued and a minority chose to carry its complaint to all the members at the next election of officers. For the first time since the Steelworkers had been founded in 1942, an incumbent president was thus challenged at the polls. In the election which was held in February of this year, candidate Donald Rarick ran against President McDonald, and when the ballots were counted it turned out that Mr. Rarick had received an astonishing amount of support. How astonishing this was becomes more apparent after one has carefully read copies of *Steel Labor*—the monthly newspaper of the United Steelworkers of America—over a period of six months.

Steel Labor for October (the issue immediately following the convention) refers only once to the fight over $5 dues, and that is confined to one line buried in the middle of a story on page 12: "The new constitution sets monthly dues at $5." There is a total blackout on any news about the forthcoming union elections. There is, however, a large photograph of President McDonald on the front cover. Also, all of page 3 is devoted to McDonald's address to "cheering delegates" (plus another photograph); and the main story on page 6 begins: "Delegates . . . hailed the leadership of President David J. McDonald." They also hailed his "notable and remarkable achievements." Two-thirds of page 11 is given to McDonald's views on segregation.

Likewise, in the next issue of *Steel Labor* (November, 1956), we find nothing about the February balloting for officers, or about the $5 dues argument. A photograph of McDonald and the story of his speech to the District 7 convention runs on page 4.

Our first clue that there may be some controversy within the union comes on page 2 of the December, 1956, issue. There, USWA Secretary-Treasurer Abel "blasts rump group as 'poor trade unionists'." The story begins:

> In a strong denunciation of a so-called "dues protest" committee, Abel said the primary aim of such action was to "embarrass your organization through publicity."

No names are given. No hint as to why the "so-called" protest. And nothing in the issue about the upcoming elections.

Steel Labor of January, 1957, informs us, for the first time, that next month steelworkers will select the officers who will serve them for the coming four years. This information is contained in a two-column story which starts in the middle of a page and simply lists the candidates. For the first time we see Donald Rarick's name in print in *Steel Labor*. Nothing is said about him. The brief, accompanying story does not tell us that Mr. McDonald is being challenged, nor why. The final line states that the deadline for nominations *was* midnight, December 14, 1956—which is news, since that fact had not heretofore been reported by *Steel Labor*. No word about the $5 dues question. But the front and back pages are headed: "Another 3¢ Pay Raise!"—"The latest three-cent-an-hour pay raise for Steelworkers . . . caps a series of increases won by the union since 1953 when President McDonald headed negotiations for the first time." The first and last pages also display large photographs of President McDonald and the caption: "Every steelworker will benefit from the plans revealed by President McDonald."

In the March, 1957, issue, nothing about the elections: tellers are counting the votes.

In April, they are still counting the votes.

In the May *Steel Labor,* on page 3, we learn that "Heavy Majority Is Given International Officers." And that "Mr. McDonald polled 404,172 votes to *223,516* [italics ours] for his opponent, Donald Rarick of McKeesport, Pa." Thus for the second time, members of

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the USWA saw Mr. Rarick's name in their newspaper, moreover, they now knew where he was from. Still no word about the $5 dues issue or any other controversy relating to the membership referendum of February. But there is, on page 14, another picture of President McDonald and an ambiguous story in which he warns that,

> company stooges, by their treachery, by their lies, by their deceit, are doing their best to destroy what labor has built up. These liars have been spreading rumors of corruption in the USWA. Take my word, it doesn't exist.

Now, were the members of the USWA deprived of any of their "democratic rights"? That would be difficult to prove. The USWA constitution is democratic; it was observed. And yet, was the blackout of news about union affairs in the union newspaper which is mailed directly to every member consistent with the spirit of that part of the AFL-CIO code which declares that,

> authoritarian control, whether from within the labor movement or imposed from without by government, is contrary to the spirit, the tradition and the principles which should always guide and govern our movement?

In its 1952 report on *Democracy in Labor Unions*, the American Civil Liberties Union suggested that "the right to vote may be a hollow right unless the members of the union are free to debate the policies of the union, criticize the conduct of the officers, form an organized opposition, and campaign during union elections." It might have added: "and are kept informed by their own newspapers on what is happening inside the union."

We do not tell this particular story to suggest that the leadership of the Steelworkers is unique in endeavoring to perpetuate its control or in its disinclination to publicize facts which are not in the leadership's favor. We do it to illustrate the point that laws and codes cannot accomplish everything. "Internal democracy" (the ACLU's phrase) can thrive despite poor constitutions; it may be an anemic thing under the most democratic of constitutions. Oligarchy at the top and apathy at the bottom are realities against which we may inveigh, but which resist reform. Large unions cannot, of course, be run like town meetings; and as for rank and file apathy, those who believe in unionism as a way of life have always had an uphill fight against members who play the unions as they might play a slot machine: you put in your dues and take out your benefits.

"More democracy" will come into being primarily because the rank and file attends more union meetings and gets up and hollers when it's mad; and because more labor leaders like Walter Reuther and David Dubinsky arise—men who are deeply attached to democratic participation and who, as an act of will, do all they can to promote it.

Algeria and the French Conscience

Paris

The Dean of the Law School of the University of Algeria, Monsieur Jacques Pereyga, spent an evening in my home in Evanston, Illinois, last August. A polite and affable man, he invited me, my wife and children to visit his home in Algeria. Noting my surprise he assured me that the situation in Algeria was hardly as serious as it was presented in the papers, that it was the work of a small group of terrorists. "Come and see for yourself," he said, "besides, by the time you arrive there will be no more terrorists." Had I known that Dean Pereyga would become a *cause célèbre* I would have accepted the invitation. But it was impossible to guess at the time that this good-mannered gentleman who spoke with such fervor for France and her mission in Algeria would utter words, less than a year later, that would bring upon him the wrath of the Minister of National Defense, the invective of the Algerian Press and the French nationalist press, a student strike and mob violence that endangered his life, and finally his resignation on May 5 as Dean of the Law School.

All of this has happened because Dean Pereyga sent a letter, later made public, to the Minister of National Defense early in April. In this letter he took exception to the methods of pacification employed by the French Army. He gave an eye-witness account of the shooting of an Algerian by a French parachutist. He wrote not in his capacity as Dean but as a reserve officer of the French Army!

Mr. Pereyga's awakening is typical of what is happening in France among many intellectuals. To illustrate, when it was discovered that an Algerian lawyer, who ultimately committed suicide in prison under peculiar conditions, had spent months there without appearing before a judge, Professor René Capitant of the Law School of the University of Paris suspended his lectures as a sign of protest: the Moslem lawyer had been his student when he taught at the University of Algeria. Jean-Jacques Schreiber, Editor of the *Paris Express*, told the same story in a series of articles: excesses committed by the Army and the colons, a blind strategy of reprisals both by the colons and the Army, indiscriminate killing of suspects and destruction of villages. He was promptly indicted by the military judge of the Paris region to be tried by a military tribunal. Pierre-Henri Simon, a Catholic conservative writer, in a booklet, *Contre la Torture* (Edition du Seuil, 1957), revealed the participation of the French military in the torturing of Algerians either to extract a confession or to get information.

Finally, it remained for Maurice Duverger to raise

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even more embarrassing questions: If atrocities are really committed, if the Army has a free hand to suppress the rebellion on its own terms without respect to legality, what will be the impact of this Army upon the French Republic? Were not the "corps francs" operating in the early years of the Weimar Republic the forerunners of the Storm Troopers? Many officers themselves appear to think in the same terms. General Bollardière wrote a letter to Jean-Jacques Schreiber complimenting him for his articles and was put under house arrest for two months. Even in semi-official publications of the Ministry of National Defense the same agonizing question has been raised. Is the suppression of a rebellion the proper role and function of the Army? What will be the impact of the Algerian War upon the morale of the officers and the soldiers? Pushed out and defeated in Indo-China, in Tunisia, in Morocco, the resentment of many officers against the native populations may take the form of brutal and indiscriminate suppression. According to Schreiber's account one Army officer who had fought in Indo-China continued to refer to the Algerian rebels as the "Viets"—for him Algeria was another episode in the same long tragic story of colonial wars.

Millions of Frenchmen of good will have not abandoned for a moment the belief that Algeria is French and that it must stay French. Almost half a million French soldiers at a cost of more than a billion dollars a year are trying to keep Algeria French. But the crisis is not military and financial. Pacification, election, negotiations—the program of the Mollet government which has now fallen—seem to have been accepted by the Right and the Center. But what precisely is a policy of pacification pursued by the French soldiers and the colons organized in thousands of vigilante groups in the various towns and villages? Is pacification to be equated with suppression? Is this suppression to take a racial character according to which all Moslems are viewed as enemies and rebels? If so, the very notion that Algeria is French would mean a little more except that Algeria must stay French by force.

The wars of Indo-China, the fighting in Morocco and Tunisia, the disintegration of the Empire has been generally viewed in terms of national power, with France losing in each case important outposts and colonies. But with the Algerian fighting something else, perhaps far more sinister, has come in sight. It is the challenge to the most sacrosanct myths about France: her egalitarian principles which embraced all races and creeds; her commitments to the values of humanism, personal liberty and integrity. These myths of the Revolution nourished tenderly in the years of defeat and resistance against the Nazis were the common pride of every Frenchman in the years after the Liberation.

It is precisely the challenge to these myths because of the manner in which pacification is being followed that has aroused many intellectuals today. It is beginning to cause a *crise de conscience* among the millions of average Frenchmen who up to now viewed the problem of Algeria the way Monsieur Pereyga did less than a year ago—as the work of terrorists against the forces of law and order represented by France.

ROY MACRIDIS

Positive Thinking on Pennsylvania Avenue

> . . . He [Congressman Walter Judd of Minnesota] told me this fascinating story about President Eisenhower. Mrs. Judd had been having a visit with Mrs. Eisenhower who told her, "Ike goes into bed, lies back on the pillow, and prays out loud, something like this: 'Lord, I want to thank You for helping me today. You really stuck by me. I know, Lord, that I muffed a few and I'm sorry about that. But both the ones we did all right and the ones we muffed I am turning them all over to You. You take over from here. Good night, Lord, I'm going to sleep.' And," added the President's wife to Mrs. Judd, "that is just what he does; he just turns over and goes to sleep. . . ."
>
> NORMAN VINCENT PEALE, *December, 1956*

THE MAN of deep religious conscience and conviction traditionally speaks to his God with words of awe, love, fear, and wonder: he lifts his voice to the mysterious bigger-than-space, longer-than-time God, and his own finiteness, ignorance, and sinfulness grip his spirit and carve for his tongue a language of humility. Only recently Mrs. Eisenhower revealed to a White House guest the words the President himself speaks each night to the Lord from the quiet of his bed. As the President himself is half-way through his fifth year in office, it would perhaps be fitting to examine the short prayer which has helped to carry him through to the present, the prayer with which he attempts to crash through the barriers of flesh and finitude in his quest for communion with God.

To imagine the tone of voice with which the President delivers his prayers one need only read the closing sentences as Mrs. Eisenhower reports them. "You take over from here," the President says aloud. "Good night, Lord, I'm going to sleep." The President's tone is clear: if one were to substitute the word "James" for "Lord" one might hear the voice of a man calling not to his God, but to his valet. "I have polished my left shoe, James. As for the right, well—you take over from here. Good

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night, James, I'm going to sleep." The tone is a chummy one, as opposed, say, to the tone taken toward Cinderella by her despised stepsisters; "Sweep the floor, wash the clothes, polish the shoes, and then get the hell out of here. . . ." The President addresses his valet as he does his God, as an equal. Where the theologian, Martin Buber, has suggested that man is related to his God as an "I" to a "Thou," Mr. Eisenhower's tone would seem to suggest that the I and Thou of Buber's thinking be converted into the more democratic You and Me.

"LORD," the President's prayer begins, "I want to thank You for helping me today. You really stuck by me. . . ." The Lord is not so much his shepherd, Mr. Eisenhower indicates, as his helper, his *aide-de-camp*. He is a kind of celestial Secretary of State, and one who apparently knows his place in the chain of command; it is quite clearly stated, "You stuck by me" and not "I stuck by you." The prayer continues, "I know, Lord, that I muffed a few and I'm sorry about that. But both the ones we did all right and the ones we muffed I am turning them all over to You." A slight ambiguity exists around the words "a few." A few what? Does Mr. Eisenhower mean decisions? And how many are a few? If, as we are led to suspect, the Lord works hand in hand with the President, then such questions are academic, for God would doubtless know precisely the decisions to which Mr. Eisenhower is alluding. Of course one cannot dismiss the possibility that all this mystery is intentional, as a sort of security measure. You will remember that Mrs. Eisenhower is no more than a few feet away, listening to every word.

Uncertain as he may *appear* as to the nature and number of the decisions, the President leaves no doubt as to how the decisions are formulated: it is a bipartisan set-up, the President and God working together right down the line. What seems unusual about the procedure is that while both share the responsibility for the successful ventures ("the ones we did all right"), the burden of failure falls rather singly upon the Shoulders of the Lord. Though admittedly "sorry" about muffing a few, Mr. Eisenhower informs the Lord point-blank, "I am turning them all over to You." Now nobility in defeat is a glorious spectacle—it is what immortalizes Oedipus and Othello, Socrates and Lincoln. The vision of a soul alone in the night confessing to his God that he has failed Him is in a way the tragic vision, the supreme gesture of humility and courage. However, to admit failure is one thing, and to sneak out on a partnership is another. If the once flourishing business of X and Y suddenly tumbles into bankruptcy, Y does not expect that X will put on his hat and gloves and walk out muttering, "I'll see you—you pay the creditors whatever it is we owe them. Bye, bye. . . ." One should think that X and Y must pay the debts just as they had shared the profits: together.

Perhaps it is unjust to draw any implications from an analogy which is, I fear, not entirely appropriate. For instance, in the X and Y example it is assumed that the initial capital for the enterprise had been supplied equally by both X *and* Y; now whether or not this is analogous to the Eisenhower-God relationship is uncertain—as yet evidence released by the White House staff is not sufficient for any but the most zealous to conclude that the Chief Executive shared in either the planning or execution of the Original Creation. Moreover, I am confident that a religious consciousness like the President's, which manifests itself in prayer and good works, would be outraged at the notion of God as a partner; through the Lord is addressed as *an equal,* and functions as *a helper,* His ultimate powers, Mr. Eisenhower well knows, are those of *a superior.* Surely the President would be the first to remind us that he himself is in the service of the Lord, as are we all. The vital question then is not the responsibility of partner to partner but of subordinate to superior, worker to boss. Perhaps Mr. Eisenhower's own history, as a halfback on the West Point football team and as a professional soldier, can provide analogies more appropriate to this problem.

Imagine, for example, that the Army football team has been beaten by Navy, 56 to 0; the quarterback returns to the bench and explains to the Coach, "Coach, I muffed a few and I'm sorry about that. But both the ones we did all right and the ones we muffed. I am turning them all over to You." Or picture a Colonel whose regiment has suffered disastrous and unpardonable losses; he is summoned to divisional headquarters; he enters the office of the Commanding General; he salutes; he speaks: "Sir, I muffed a few and I'm sorry about that," he admits. "But," he adds quickly, "both the ones we did all right and the ones we muffed I am turning them all over to You."

Anyone who has ever played left guard for a grade school team or toiled at KP in a company mess hall could conjecture the answer of both coach and general; as for the reaction of the Lord to so novel a concept of responsibility, my limited acquaintance with historical theology does not permit of conjecture. Off the cuff, I imagine it might strain even *His* infinite mercy.

MRS. EISENHOWER reports that when the President ends his prayer, "he just turns over and goes to sleep." I suspect at this point the First Lady is not telling the whole truth, her own humility in operation now. The way I figure it, when the President has finished his man-to-man talk with the Lord, he removes his gaze from the ceiling of the White House bedroom, pauses for a moment, and then looking upward again, says, "And now, Lord, Mrs. Eisenhower would like a few words with You." And then with that grin of his he turns to the First Lady and whispers, "He's ready. . . ."

PHILIP ROTH

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Bus Ride to Georgia

by BENJAMIN MUSE

WRITING, as I do, from time to time about the segregation problem in the South, I felt the need of running down there, if only for a weekend, to get the feel of the thing again. I wanted particularly to see how white people and Negroes were getting along on the now desegregated interstate buses. So I bought a roundtrip ticket from Washington, D. C., to Augusta, Georgia, and took the Friday afternoon bus.

I made the trip in easy stretches, getting off to sleep at night, the first night at Raleigh, North Carolina. Negroes represented about one-third of the passengers to that point; from there on south about half of the passengers were colored. They tended to gravitate toward the rear of the bus, where Negroes were formerly compelled to sit. But no rigid rule was followed. A few well-dressed Negroes sat near the front, with white people back of them. When a Negro took a seat beside a white person, the usual: "Is this seat taken?" was asked, and that was all there was to it.

At Richmond, Virginia, where the bus was filled to capacity, I drew a young white lady as a seat partner. She was in a party with two other young white ladies, who found seats across the aisle. There were Negroes in front of us and Negroes, of course, in the rear. No one seemed interested in that circumstance but me. At the next stop my companion drawled demurely, "Hold this please, if you don't mind—" and left a wallet, bulging with dollar bills, in my lap while she got off the bus. I was immeasurably relieved when she returned in a few minutes and retrieved her wallet.

However, this gesture of confidence did not lead to much conversation. I wondered if she belonged to a Citizens Council family, and decided to touch on the delicate subject discreetly. With the hubbub in the bus it seemed all right. She could at least indicate something by a sigh or a shake of the head. "I'm going down to South Carolina," I ventured. "I'm studying the segregation problem."

Her face remained expressionless. "We used to live in Greenville," she said.

South of Raleigh the Negro passengers as a rule were of a somewhat humbler category than north of that city. They tended to congregate a little more in the rear of the bus, but several Negroes still sat near the front.

I took the long, comfortable seat at the very back of the bus most of the time, and the driver, when he came to examine my ticket, did not seem to find it strange. A short, very dark young Negro mother sat in front of me. I made her acquaintance when I started to push the window open. "Mind ma baby," she said. I said that I only intended to push the window a little way, and that her baby was cute. The latter presently climbed up on a pile of blanket and pillow and smiled at me across the back of the seat.

The small rest room at the back of the bus was rarely used, but it served both races and sexes. Its chief user was the young mother in front of me, who twice during the long afternoon had occasion to "change ma baby's diapies."

During a rest stop at Florence, South Carolina, I watched two souls in rare communion. Two very young paratroopers, both wreathed in smiles, were standing outside our bus in eager conversation. One was an erect bantam of a Negro boy, with a kind of grinning gallantry about him. The other was a taller, more loosely built, white boy, who was oblivious to everybody in the crowd except his black buddy. Dropping from the skies together in hazardous exercises breeds friendships which are immune to racist poison.

I did not see them part, but the black boy was on our bus when we moved out. "Do you get scared dropping out of the sky?" I asked him.

"Yessir," he said. "I git skeered, but I like it."

Most passengers spent the time on the bus reading or dozing, but Negroes less than whites. They were a little more sociable. One tall young Negro man fraternized with all the other Negro passengers. On a visit to the rest room I suspect that he had a sip out of a flask. When a girl came through selling refreshments, he treated all the colored contingent to Coca Cola and bought a big chicken sandwich for the mother of the little baby. When he got off somewhere in South Carolina, he called back to the latter: "Take care of that baby now!"

I got off at Orangeburg, South Carolina, to spend an evening and a night. Orangeburg had been much in the

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news a year ago. It had been the scene of Negro manifestations of the human spirit equalled, perhaps, in this crisis in the South only in the cities of Montgomery and Tallahassee.

IN THE summer of 1955, 57 Negroes had signed a petition requesting that the public schools of Orangeburg be operated without race discrimination. It might have been imprudent to press for desegregation so soon in the heart of the Southern Black Belt. I have contended that premature action in the areas of maximum prejudice tends to retard a long process of adjustment, which must begin in the easier places. But in any conception of democracy and civilized behavior it was an innocent and irreproachably proper gesture.

White people of Orangeburg reacted with a kind of mass fury. After 3,000 of them heard Citizens Council leaders rant in a seething meeting at the ball park, businessmen of the town decided to crush the move by their economic might. With the mayor, who is also the local Coca Cola distributor, in the forefront, they began to turn the economic screws. Banks refused to loan money to Negroes, creditors cracked down on Negro debtors, wholesalers refused to supply Negro retail merchants, supplies of Coca Cola were cut off from Negro dealers, the milk man stopped leaving milk at the homes of Negroes who had signed the petition and many Negroes lost their jobs.

The Negroes retaliated in the obvious way: they stopped buying from the pressure-bringers. In Orangeburg County, where 63 percent of the people are colored, the Negro vote is negligible, but Negro buying power and Negro not-buying power, businessmen soon discovered, are very real. In the end the white forces cried enough.

During the six months of economic guerrilla warfare, expressions of sympathy came to the beleaguered Negroes from churches, organizations and individuals in the North. A $40,000 fund was set up to provide credit, and several tons of food arrived for the hungry.

Many of the petition-signers yielded to pressure and recanted, but 25 stout-hearted petitioners stood fast to the end. The end of the economic war might have been called a draw, or even a Negro victory. White pressures were relaxed, and Negroes started buying from white Orangeburg merchants again. The whites even made a further concession or two: a Negro welfare organization included in the town's United Fund drive. But, facing ominous frowns from the State Capitol and fearing pressures worse than economic, the Negroes abandoned, for the present at least, the desegregation effort.

The South Carolina State College for Negroes is located at Orangeburg. High-spirited students at that institution had followed developments in the town with avid interest. In April, 1956, they staged a four-day, 100 percent effective, student strike—termed an "insurrection" by the white board of trustees—in protest against the state's whole program of repression. They also complained at the failure of the college to join in the boycott of Orangeburg merchants. A resolution praising the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was signed by 176 members (about 90 percent) of the faculty.

The president of the student council was expelled and 15 other students were notified not to return to State College for the next term. Teaching contracts of three faculty members were not renewed. Several other teachers did not ask for contract renewal.

Meanwhile, 24 out of 31 Negro teachers at an Orangeburg school gave up their jobs rather than fill out a questionnaire which asked:

"Do you belong to the NAACP?" "Does any member of your immediate family belong to the NAACP?" "Do you support the NAACP in any way (money or attendance at meetings)?" "Do you favor integration of races in schools?"

I CALLED on the Rev. Matthew D. McCollom, president of the Orangeburg chapter of the NAACP. He is also pastor of the red brick Methodist church (450 members) across the street and the railway track from State College, and lives in a comfortable red brick house on the church grounds.

I phoned McCollom from my hotel at six o'clock. It was Saturday evening, and he said he was washing his car and still had his "bulletin to do"; but he wanted to see me, so we fixed seven-thirty.

When I came to McCollom's house, he was still, or again, washing his car. "I was interrupted," he said. "Had to marry a couple. I can't do that hurriedly," he added thoughtfully. "I have to talk to them. Wasn't sure at first I would marry these, but I decided to."

He did not look like a Negro preacher. He was a slender, athletic-looking man, with a manner which made me think of a university campus, and his cultivated voice was a rich baritone. He went on washing his car, as we got into the Orangeburg story.

"Our people did nothing but present a petition," he said, "We often present petitions—for a new school, a new road. . . . That's all we can do—present petitions. So we presented a petition for complying with the Supreme Court decision.

"Then look at what happened. Three or four thousand of them—the mayor and everybody else." He rubbed the windshield furiously. "Somebody shouted: 'Fire 'em; let the NAACP hire 'em.' " He stopped rubbing the windshield and rested his hands on his hips. "Twice the radio broadcast a recording of a sermon by a white minister on the 'Christian meaning of segregation'!"

McCollom spoke correct English even when he was angry—which is probably why a Citizens Council spokesman referred to him as "that nigger from Boston that

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came down here to stir up trouble." McCollom was born a few miles from Orangeburg, 44 years ago, and educated in South Carolina and Georgia. He graduated from that college across the railway track. He has never been to Boston.

He wondered how educated people could be moved by the "trash" which the Citizens Council used for arguments. "Look at what they've done to history, to anthropology, sociology, science—they're going to segregate the blood in blood banks!—and Christianity. There're a dozen students at the college over there who could destroy all their arguments with facts and truth."

I asked about the denouement of the desegregation initiative and the boycott and the agitation at State College. The petition matter had been dropped. There were no plans for pursuing it in federal courts. The college was quiet; nobody had been reinstated. The economic war was virtually over, though, "Some of us can't get credit, and I'm afraid that some of our people will never buy at Becker's or Limehouse, or drink Coca Cola, again."

"Mat!" Mrs. McCollom was calling to remind him that he hadn't started on the bulletin—and he hadn't had any supper either.

My thoughts drew a faint comparison, on a non-violent plane, with the Hungarian cycle: naïve hopes and short months of seeming power, gestures of sympathy and help from the outside world, the oppressors temporarily rebuffed—and now the heavy hand of white supremacy again.

Orangeburg is quiet now, and State College has been purged. The Negroes are "in their place" again. Business is good. It is almost like the "good old times" before the Supreme Court decision.

Only the question, What's the use?—is more poignant for Negroes than it was before. Most of them seek consolation and self-expression in religion. Behind the walls of churches like McCollom's they are able to rise to full human stature. No white man stands between them and God. A weaker few take the road of alcohol and vice—and swell the Negro crime and immorality figures in the segregationists' file of arguments.

ON THE rest of the trip to Augusta and the return to Washington, the interracial temperature in the bus was about the same as before. It seemed like a ship of sanity and health sailing through waters infected with the disease of prejudice.

The bus was crowded Sunday when we left Augusta. There were six Negroes and two white men standing. When we got to Sumter, South Carolina, there were five whites and three Negroes standing; one of the latter, a young Negro Air Force sergeant, stood at the front of the line. Several Negroes sat near the front, even among those who got on in Georgia. A Negro man gave his seat to a white lady, but no man gave his seat to a man.

Just behind the bus driver, the extreme front seat was firmly occupied by a stout white lady. She might have been a member of the Citizens Council, or just a Daughter of the American Revolution. The seat beside her remained unoccupied. No one, whether white or colored, had the hardihood to take that vacant seat.

A Negro woman of Hattie McDaniel proportions squeezed into the bus at Sumter. She carried her belongings in two big baskets and led by the hand a little Negro girl, her hair done up in pigtails. They succeeded somehow in getting two-thirds of the way through the bus; then two Negro Air Force men gave them their seats. One of the latter sat down again and held the little girl on his knee.

I TRAVELED most of Sunday and Monday, with another night intervening at Raleigh. Somewhere in North Carolina an unmistakable drunk got on board. He remained in a silent stupor until we got to Petersburg, Virginia. "We're now in Petersburg!" sang the bus driver.

"Petersburg?" asked the drunk, sitting up with a startled look. "Petersburg?" Then he slumped back into his seat again.

"This is Petersburg. Anybody getting off at Petersburg?" the driver sang, looking directly at the drunk. But the latter had lost all interest. The driver walked over and shook his shoulder. "Are you getting off at Petersburg?" he asked.

"I ain't gettin' off at no G..... d..... Petersburg!" the drunk said loudly. The bus moved off, and for some reason he wobbled across the aisle and sat beside a Negro man. "I ain't gettin' off at no Petersburg," he repeated, lowering his voice. "'Sno good. I'm gettin' off at Richmond." Then he slapped the Negro on his knee. "Where're you goin', Jack?" he asked. The two were soon in a conversation which I could not overhear, which was evidently a model of interracial amity.

A well-dressed white lady, who got on at a time when the bus was little more than half full, seemed to make a point of finding a seat behind a few Negroes—as if she enjoyed this escape from the segregation mania outside.

The most elegant person who rode in our bus during the trip was a frail, smartly dressed Negro lady, with a certain air of mystery, who got on, I think, at Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. Her color was light and her features delicate. A redcap carried her expensive luggage. She pushed ahead of her a tan-complexioned small boy, dressed in the latest togs for small boys. There were a few vacant seats near the front of the bus.

"On back, son," she said. "On back!" And on back they went to the last vacant seat, which was the last rear seat but one.

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Economy, Yes— But Not in the Treasury

by SIDNEY WEINTRAUB

It is one of those paradoxes, of which these times are full, that the Secretary of the Treasury can appear to be the paragon of economy—in the management of other Cabinet departments—with hardly a glimmer of criticism in the public press for what might seem to others the rather bountiful management of the affairs of his own department.

One of the agencies showing continuous and consecutive increases in expenditures in recent years is the Treasury itself. And, if a prophecy may be ventured, the ceiling is not yet in sight. What I refer to concerns the interest payments on the national debt. For the fiscal year ended June, 1952, when the national debt total was about $9 billion less than its present size of $276 billion, the total annual interest payments amounted to $5.8 billion. In the following fiscal year, reflecting in part the tight money policy in the early days of this Administration, the interest sum was $6.5 billion.

As a result of the 1953-54 business downturn, prompted in degree by the same tight money policy, the subsequent reversal to somewhat easier money and lower interest rates helped reduce the annual carrying charges on the national debt to approximately $6.4 billion in the fiscal years 1954 and 1955. The national debt was roughly at about $280 billion over this period.

Since then, annual interest payments have risen to $6.8 billion for the fiscal year 1956 and, it is estimated, for the current 1957 fiscal year they will total $7.2 billion. For 1958 the total is expected to go to $7.3 billion—which may be an understatement if present interest trends continue.

In fine, since the fiscal year 1954, the annual Treasury expenditure for interest payments on the national debt will have increased from about $6.4 billion to $7.2 billion, or an increase of 12.5 percent, despite a drop in the national debt of near $3 billion.

Curiously, over the same period the total of all government expenditures, from the fiscal year ending June, 1954, to the budget estimate for the year ending this June rose from $67.8 billion to $68.9 billion. Of this $1.1 billion increase covering all federal government departments, the Secretary of the Treasury's own bailiwick, the Treasury Department itself, has on net balance been responsible for $800 million of the increase, or for over 75 percent of the net rise in government outlays. Might not the other department heads, whose budgets Secretary Humphrey is so anxious to trim, turn to him and ask *et tu?*

When one ponders the results of the mounting Treasury expenditure for interest on the national debt the facts become even more astonishing. For if the federal government were to spend $800 million additional for schools, or roads, or flood control, there would be some tangible outcome of the expenditure that could be expected to contribute to national well-being over the years. Likewise, in the hands of the military, it could buy more planes and missiles, or even contribute to higher standards overseas. But when interest payments are increased by the self-same amount of $800 million the net effect, almost in toto, is to increase the earnings of commercial banks who hold most of the issues on which the interest payments are increased. There is also some rise in earnings of other investing institutions such as savings banks and insurance companies, plus a much smaller part going to individual bondholders. The interest payments of the Treasury thus become what the economist is fond of terming a *transfer* payment, one which does not leave in its wake a corresponding flow of goods, as a road, a school building, courthouse, or an atom-powered submarine.

To criticisms of this nature, that the interest-payment increases serve little purpose except to swell the incomes of financial institutions—and this is not a criticism of the profits of these institutions, which are not excessive by prosperous business standards—the usual retort is that the higher rate of interest to which all borrowers are subject, including the Treasury, is necessary in order to curb inflation. Although the matter of inflation is a

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vast and intricate subject, as readers know, the main questions from the standpoint of Treasury debt management are not as difficult as some pretend. We can consider these briefly.

In the first place, interest rates constitute the price of money, the cost of borrowing. Thus, if there is too much money at work in the economy, then higher interest rates can discourage some borrowing, can restrain some overexpansion and take some of the steam out of the boom even though moderate measures are unable to clamp the lid down tightly. In this respect higher interest rates are like higher prices on commodities: if there is a tomato blight and consumers must cut their purchases, then a price rise serves to accomplish just this. If automobiles are in short supply, then a price rise can keep the queue from forming. This is the function of the price system, as those of us who believe in it see it: its job is to tailor demand down to the available supply.

But, note, demand must be cut down; some buyers must be compelled to abstain from purchasing. Here then is where a policy of debt management which involves higher interest rates to the Treasury fails in its purposes: it can never make the Treasury forego borrowing when the purpose of the Treasury in entering the market is merely to *renew* its existing borrowing. As pointed out earlier, the national debt today is somewhat smaller than it was three years ago. With Treasury surpluses over the last two years, and a likely surplus next year, the Treasury is not borrowing to meet any new bills; instead it is repaying some of its debts. When the Treasury does borrow nowadays, its purpose is to get funds to pay off existing bondholders; substantially, the process of doing so involves selling them a new Treasury security in exchange for the old maturing one. As so much of the weekly maturing debt issues are the so-called Treasury Bills and Certificates of indebtedness held by the banking system, the banks effectively subscribe to the new issues by redeeming the old ones they have on hand. Considering that interest rates on these securities have risen from about 1 percent in 1954 to the current levels of 3.25 percent, it is clear that a bonanza (which to some financial minds is of minor importance and in other opinions is of major proportions) is being reaped.

This then constitutes one of the major issues in debt management and monetary policy today, even though its deeper significance has eluded discussion in most of our newspapers and financial journals. The question may be posed in this form: in the application of monetary policy to control the economic boom, ought there not be some mechanism to shelter the Treasury from the impact of tight money?

Because it *must* be accomplished whether interest rates are high or low, Treasury refinancing has nothing to do either directly or indirectly with inflationary demands for money. In order to restore monetary policy to its proper role of curbing or stimulating the demand of private industry for funds through changes in the interest rate, while at the same time helping to insulate the refinancing needs of government, the former, and venerated chairman of the Federal Reserve System, Marriner Eccles, suggested one such device in the 1940's. Briefly, the proposal envisaged that banks be required to hold a legal reserve in the form of government securities, in addition to existing deposits with the Federal Reserve System. However, with the abatement of the inflationary pressures in the years just preceding the Korean action, and in the face of the usual objections to new banking legislation, the proposal was dropped. Under the present chairman of the Reserve System neither this nor any alternative proposal has ever been seriously discussed; the entire question has been regarded as being almost frivolous.

Likewise, the Reserve System, under some self-imposed restrictions dating back to 1953, has refrained even from assisting the Treasury in maintaining the price of new issues during a period of refinancing—a matter which becomes more curious considering that any self-respecting investment banking syndicate underwriting a new issue regards it as essential to render such assistance. The Federal Reserve, despite its efforts to shed authority, is rightly the fiscal agent of the Treasury and ought in most cases to render it the same aid as private bond issues enjoy. Astonishingly, this handicap has had apparent Treasury approval; this Federal Reserve self-denial was responsible for the well-known fiasco surrounding the 3¼ percent, 30-year bond issue in late April, 1953. More recently, the same decision was a contributing factor to the shock experienced by the Treasury in its financing of mid-May when subscriptions to its refunding issues fell substantially short of its hopes. At that time, 28 percent of the holders of some $4.2 billion of maturing securities—an unduly high rate of "attrition," as it is called—demanded cash in lieu of new security issues, despite being offered the highest interest rates on Treasury obligations in some 23 years.

It was hoped that the monetary commission recommended by President Eisenhower would, if created, give serious attention to these matters. For whether or not new techniques are adopted in the near future, the issue of monetary control and its impact on Treasury interest payments will go on plaguing us, with a rise in federal budget interest-payment outlays being occasioned whenever tight money is invoked unless new procedures are instituted. Perhaps it is only by sparing himself a concern with fundamentals in his own office that the Secretary of the Treasury has been able to plead for economy in government—in spheres other than his own.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

John Cheever's Photograph Album

by Donald Malcolm

IT is really remarkable how many contemporary writers seem to regard psychiatrists with distaste. Whatever the psychiatrists themselves may think about the matter, this feeling is a healthy one for literature, since it is based, to a great extent, on professional pride. After all, the art of throwing light on the darker side of man was practiced by writers whole centuries before Sigmund Freud and his doughty followers descended on the Republic of Letters to rob and pill. Is it any wonder, then, that the writer is inclined to look upon the psychologist with the sort of baleful gaze an Italian Irredentist might turn upon the Yugoslavs in Trieste?

The Wapshot Chronicle, by John Cheever (Harper; $3.50).

This natural and wholesome resentment has led a number of writers to introduce psychologists into their fiction for the purpose of holding the profession up to ridicule. But these portrayals, or at least the ones I have seen hitherto, have been uniformly unsuccessful because, in offering a comic psychologist, the writers have only poked fun at an incompetent practitioner, and not at the practice itself. Much as I felt the justice of the writer's cause, I found it hard to avoid the suspicion that he was no match for the professional psychologist, even on his own home grounds.

And that is why I relish, out of all proportion to its prominence in the novel, John Cheever's wholly successful spoof of industrial psychology. A young man named Coverly Wapshot, applying for a job in a New York carpet factory, is given a routine psychological interview. The questions asked by Mr. Cheever's psychologist are by no means extravagant. But Coverly, who finds the psychologist "as strange and formidable as a witch doctor," ingenuously rakes over his past for the sort of thing he believes a psychologist might wish to know: that his father is afraid of fire and spends most of his off-days walking around the house sniffing for smoke; that his mother once laid his back open with a buggy whip for peeking in the women's bathhouse; that he often dreams of "doing it," with women, sometimes dreams of "doing it," with men and: "Once I dreamed I did it with a horse." Coverly does not get the job. That is all, but, without belaboring the point, Mr. Cheever makes it abundantly evident that Coverly, for all his eccentricity, is not one tenth so crazy as a society which considers a psychological examination a proper prelude to employment in a carpet factory.

The fact is, Mr. Cheever is very partial to eccentrics, and his writing draws much of its strength from that crochety side of human nature which finds its highest expression, not on the psychiatrist's couch, but in the closets of old houses and in cluttered bureau drawers. When he wishes to acquaint us with Coverly's father, for instance, the author invites us to pry into

> . . . Leander's bureau drawer, where we find a withered rose—once yellow—and a wreath of yellow hair, the butt end of a Roman candle that was fired at the turn of the century, a boiled shirt on which an explicit picture of a naked woman is drawn in red ink, a necklace made of champagne corks and a loaded revolver.

THE characters that Mr. Cheever creates in this fashion are at once very brilliant and very fragile. They shine in individual episodes, but seem to stagger at times under the burden of supporting a full-length novel. It is certain, at any rate, that they appeared to greater advantage in the short stories that were excerpted from the novel and published in *The New Yorker*, than they do in the novel itself. Mr. Cheever seems to have room at the center of his stage for only one person at a time, and the place of honor is occupied alternatively by Leander Wapshot, his cousin Honora, and his two sons Coverly and Moses. Each, in his moment of triumph, tends to crowd the others into the wings. Moses, for instance, does not begin to emerge as a distinct person until he is clean away from the family and clambering over the slates of a grotesque old mansion to reach the bedroom of his fiancee. Leander is only slightly more mindful of his obligations to the novel. He makes a dutiful effort to interest himself in the lives of his sons and in his own disasters as captain of an excursion launch. But his real enthusiasm (and ours) is reserved for the journal which records the memories of his youth and the death of his first wife—events, typically, in which the other important characters took no part.

IF the novel successfully resists the centrifugal movement of its characters, credit is due more to Mr. Cheever's comic spirit than to his craftsmanship. Every episode in this extremely episodic book is stamped with the author's special view of life—a blend of gusto, nostalgia and profoundly innocent ribaldry that is unique to him. It is this that loosely binds the whole together, and provides the necessary links between the memories of Leander and the highly individual courtships of his two wandering sons. I realize that I have given the reader no clear conception of these various story lines and, with his permission, I don't intend to. They follow such picaresque and various courses that adequate summary has been put out of the question. I can further plead, in defense of this abdication of duty, that *The Wapshot Chronicle* is a book that will be remembered more for its episodes and digressions than for its total effect. By way of evidence and example, I conclude with this small jewel:

> "Yesterday afternoon," says Aunt Adelaide, "about three o'clock, three or three thirty—when there was enough shade in the garden so's I wouldn't get sunstroke, I went out to pull some carrots for my supper. Well, I was pulling carrots and suddenly I pulled this very unusual carrot." She spread the fingers of her right hand over her breast — her powers of description seemed overtaken, but then she rallied. "Well, I've been pulling carrots all my life but I never seen a carrot like this. It was just growing in an awdinary row of carrots. There wasn't no rocks

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or anything to account for it. Well, this carrot looked like—I don't know how to say it—this carrot was the spit and image of Mr. Forbes' parts." Blood rushed to her face but modesty would not halt nor even delay her progress. . . . "Well, I took the other carrots into the kitchen for my supper," Aunt Adelaide said, "and I wrapped this unusual carrot up in a piece of paper and took it right over to Reba Heaslip. She's such an old maid I thought she'd be interested. She was in the kitchen so I give her this carrot. That's what it looks like, Reba, I said. That's just what it looks like."

Playing Both Ends Against the Middle

by Frank Getlein

A NOTICEABLE TREND in major exhibition catalogues of the last few years has been the inclusion of "remarks by the artists." Once in a great while someone like Stuart Davis will produce something worth reading, though it is doubtful if Davis' prose does much toward creating understanding of his work. More often, the artist begins his statement with the observation that he has said what he had to say in his painting and if he hasn't it will have to do because he is incapable of prose explanation. He then proceeds to demonstrate just how incapable he is. In ploughing through such prose, one often feels that the exhibition directors sense some kind of responsibility for explaining what they're hanging and are taking no chances of hitting on the wrong answers.

Conversations with Artists, by Selden Rodman (Devin-Adair; $4).

With much of the contemporary American painting that is loosely called "abstract expressionism," there is another aspect to the prevalence of statements. A good deal of such work invites us, in some sense, to take part in the experience of painting, the act of creation, as no other art has ever done. Far from the old idea of art which conceals art, the new painting flaunts its processes and demands of the spectator, if his attention is to be repaid, that he get involved in them himself. To most spectators this has the attraction of novelty; it also places a new value on statements by the artist. The art personality and its activities in paint become important and exciting in a manner startlingly similar to the motion picture personality, which, for its audience, is more important than any single movie, which takes on a public life of its own independent of single movies and which is chronicled in fan magazines of all varieties.

The trend toward statements by artists is canonized in hard covers with the present book, a collection of 35 interviews with contemporary American painters, sculptors and architects. Oddly enough, the author, Selden Rodman, is clearly opposed to abstract expressionism, despite his protestations of impartiality. He is also essentially a comic figure, given to over-simplification and the conviction that spiritual values are subject to measurement in inches and pounds. Again and again, as Rodman strings together the basically disjointed visits, the image emerges of James Boswell, with sublime impertinence, tripping up the steps of the famous to record their thoughts and to demonstrate his superior sensibility. There is also a note of the boy-detective:

> His point of view [a student's] did not stem from any lack of intelligence but from the ideals of a practical culture as reflected in its educational system. Was this the reason why Frank Lloyd Wright's organic buildings . . . appeared to have lost the battle to the abstract purism of Mies van der Rohe and his International Style disciples? Was Gropius . . . the villain? Was the suspicion of intellect, humanism and tradition which accompanies abstract expressionism in painting and sculpture shared by the architects?

Immediately after asking these rhetorical questions, Rodman comes to these conclusions:

> My course was clear . . . a revolt was taking place. . . . What I must try to find out was how far the revolt had gone, and whether a synthesis of the classical and romantic in modern architecture might be anticipated.

Answering his own call to arms, Rodman rode off to a series of alternating interviews with Philip Johnson and Frank Lloyd Wright. This is the entire coverage of architecture in the book. From it emerge some beautiful lines by Wright and an effectively comic account of Rodman's attempt to get a good night's sleep in Johnson's own house, but by the end of three visits with Wright and two with Johnson, the Sherlockian quest has been forgotten and we are off to a similar quest with Jackson Pollock at the Cedar Bar.

Rodman's treatment of the abstract expressionists has already been examined by one of them, Herman Cherry, and dismissed as unreliable reporting. Again the unifying note is the comic vision of Rodman accosting the artists and trying to hold them for downs. He runs into Pollock when they are both "weaving" on a Greenwich Village night. As Pollock disappears after a meaningless exchange, Rodman picks up a match cover the painter has dropped. It reads, "There are good jobs for everyone in the telephone business." I submit that including this incident—in itself pointless—is a deliberate attempt to arouse a spurious pity for the painter, who died a couple of months after the encounter, while actually ignoring what he's up to in his painting.

Rodman also tracked down Pollock in his home on Long Island and after a chat with him and Marca-Relli, notes, "We were all supposed to meet on the beach but couldn't find each other." You get the feeling that Rodman did most of the looking.

IF Rodman is hard on the artists whose work he mistrusts, he is worse on those that he likes. The relatively representational painters included on his visiting list are presented as witnesses to Rodman's unformulated thesis against abstract expressionism. Viewed in the light of what they're doing themselves, their captiousness seems like little more than annoyance at seeing something else in the center ring.

Another aspect of the book is its curious choice of subjects. Rodman includes, for example, a pair of West Coast nuns whose religious art is cer-

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tainly far ahead of most religious art being produced by nuns, but who are still far from being nationally important figures. He also includes a couple of advanced student sculptors selected, apparently, because they happened along. On the other hand, the whole middle range of contemporary American painting is ignored. He is obviously under no compulsion to do a cross section, but in limiting himself pretty much to two opposed kinds of work he has blatantly ignored the first question of the dust jacket: "Who are our American artists?"

The book as it stands is not only worthless but probably harmful. It is the rough, undigested research material for part of an exploration of American art.

How Not to Understand the Soviets

by Abraham Brumberg

SPONSORED by the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania, and written ponderously, humorlessly, and pretentiously—*An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality* attempts to answer some of the most intriguing questions of our time:

An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality, by Gerhart Niemeyer with the assistance of John S. Reshetar, Jr. (Praeger; $2.75).

What makes the Soviets tick? Are their actions predictable? Can we (that is, the Western nations) ever succeed in making ourselves understood to the Kremlin, and reach any agreement with it? To be sure, Mr. Niemeyer's prefatory note claims that "the purpose of this little study is to raise questions rather than to offer definitive answers." Yet—his commendable modesty notwithstanding — the "little study" *does* offer definitive answers. And they are all startlingly simple: (a) the Soviets are irrational; (b) only their aim is predictable (world domination), but their strategy and tactics are too deranged to be calculated with any degree of precision; (c) there can be no communication with demented minds.

While the authors undoubtedly attach immense importance to this concept of Soviet "irrationality," their discussion of it is vague and contradictory. The Soviets are irrational, they claim at one point, because "their motives are not confined to the pursuit of national interests." Why the creation of a powerful totalitarian state is incompatible with "national interests"—particularly if they happen to coincide with the interests of the ruling elite—is never explained. The Soviets are irrational—indeed, "mad," —because they have attempted to attain their objectives "through floods of blood, hecatombs of ruined human lives and wholesale destruction of human values." Yet—again—why are these barbaric methods necessarily irrational if they are the only means of insuring absolute power? The authors attempt to get around this question by maintaining (in subsequent chapters) that the Soviet system is either "semi-rational" or that it evinces "what Max Weber termed *Wertrationalitaet,* the rational selection of means in pursuit of a given end however irrational." As for the end, it is obviously evil: *ergo* it is "irrational." "If that notion," they assert, "should be deemed a peculiarly Western product, we must confess at this point the subjectivity of our ideas of rationality." And if this rather bizarre personal note in what is ostensibly a sober study were not enough, there comes the startling admission that "finally, rationality is also used as a term of approval."

Which means, stated simply, that Messrs. Niemeyer and Reshetar abhor Communism — and that it is upon this abhorrence that their entire case of "irrationality" rests.

According to the authors, Soviet behavior is determined by the dialetical aspect of the Marxist *weltanschauung*—or more specifically, as they gravely point out, by the concept of "unity of opposites." Thus we learn, for instance, that Soviet duplicity in international dealings is not, as we might otherwise

A Merry Heart

HE was from Lincoln's country of common sense,
Of no tears in the face of the stubbed toe,
Of Bible wisdom enriching the flat scene:
He looked and told us what we ought to know.

He did not want to run for President,
Knowing how the child's dream became a weight
In the sade eyes of Lincoln, in Wilson's bent
War-weary posture, how much they learned of hate.

Grandfather once had held the President's ear:
It was enough to win the Governor's seat
And practice statecraft without the larger fear
Of national ills clamoring towards defeat.

Later he chose to lead and told with grace
Of patrician learning what we might forget:
How America grew out of a dream to face
Old tyranny and ignorance without rest.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,"
He said in defeat, turning his serious wit
To moral splendor, the private citizen
Pausing to heal our wounds, no broken spirit.

DOUGLAS NICHOLS

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think, an extreme reflection of a time-honored political tactic, but rather "the natural result of dialectical thinking." The Kremlin's attempt to *neutralize* the forces of the Social Democrats in the 1930's (by calling for a "popular front" while undermining its component parts from within) is portrayed merely as a form of doctrinal aberration.

Similarly, the contrast between the anti-fascist activities of the Communists in the 1930's and the *sub rosa* negotiations between Stalin's and Hitler's representatives turns out to be not an example of political opportunism, not an illustration of Soviet exploitation of indigenous revolutionary movements, but merely an exercise in Communist dialectics. The fact, of course, is that Lenin and his successors long ago discarded the notion of "spontaneity," and have steadfastly maintained that only by dint of their own efforts would Bolsheviks conquer their "fortresses." Yet the virtual Soviet rejection of the deterministic aspect of Marxism (at least in practice) does not faze the authors. "The Communists," they write, "are prone to pursue mutually contradictory policies and to look toward a future 'higher synthesis' to carry them on toward their goal." One wonders how the suppression of the Hungarian Revolution would fit into this ingenious scheme.

ALL TOLD, *An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality* is a curious book. Alongside perfectly sound analytical insights (most common in the discussions of Marxist theory *per se*), one finds contradictions, illogicalities (e.g.: "the element of optimism in the Soviet creed is somehow invalidated by their belief that wars are inevitable under capitalism"), and a heavy reliance upon the works of Stefan Possony—Washington's "top expert" on Communism, whose disdain for factual accuracy is matched only by his penchant for facile theorizing. Yet these faults are minor in the light of the major assumptions of the book — assumptions which are not confined to Messrs. Niemeyer and Reshetar alone, and which, shared by a good many American authorities on Communism, have contributed to their deplorable failure to understand and cope with the post-Stalin developments in the USSR.

To say that Soviet doctrine and behavior contain elements of the irrational is one thing. Yet to *identify* Soviet behavior *in toto* as irrational is quite another. For what the authors (as well as others) consider irrational is, in effect, a perfectly rational imperative of a totalitarian system. Thus, forced collectivization was not—as *An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality* would lead us to think—the unreasoned action of a "band of criminals," but rather the logical—and rational — concomitant of forced industrialization; the latter, in turn, was also a perfectly rational goal of a totalitarian dictatorship, however despicable the methods of achieving it. Similarly, the purges of the 1930's, while turning life in Russia into a three-year nightmare, nevertheless performed a certain function—that of changing the social fabric of Soviet society, and of the bureaucracy in particular. The same applies to Soviet terror in general. Given the goal of totalitarianism — that of refashioning human society in the image of a given set of ideal "ends"—it follows that the *means* employed are correspondingly extreme, brutal and seemingly "irrational."

This is not to say that irrationality has not played an important—and in time even crucial—part in Soviet politics. Indeed, neither Soviet policies nor Soviet society can possibly be understood without taking into account the irrational excesses that finally came to dominate the entire Soviet scene: the monstrous cult of the Leader, the excessive reliance upon terror and coercion, the morbid need to justify every policy, every tactical zig-zag, every economic innovation in intricate ideological terms, the ludicrous xenophobia and increasing Russian chauvinism — all these manifestations, which in time proved enormously dangerous to the functioning of the Soviet dictatorship. Small wonder, then, that the "collective leadership" has engaged in a massive effort to cleanse their system of what might be termed the "senescence of Stalinism," and to restore to it the original élan and dynamism that it so sorely needs for its own survival.

A fruitful inquiry into Soviet behavior would take the existence of both rational and irrational features in Soviet society for granted. It would then examine the origin and nature of these features and, rather than merely dissecting the writings of Marx, Lenin, and Stalin for exclusive clues to the minds and deeds of the Soviet leaders, it would analyze the economic and social setting in which Soviet Communism arose, and to which Marxist-Leninist ideology adapted itself. It would analyze Stalin's imprint upon the Soviet system, and would inquire to what extent his heirs have tried—and succeeded—in erasing it. In doing so, this hypothetical study would sooner or later have to come to grips with one of the most vital questions concerning the nature of totalitarianism—namely, what features may be regarded as fundamental to totalitarianism (for instance, a one-party system) and what are the transient features whose elimination does not really effect the viability of a totalitarian system (e.g., continuous purges which have long been considered indispensable for the maintenance of a totalitarian regime).

BUT this approach is manifestly lacking in *An Inquiry into Soviet Mentality*. Its authors have no patience for intellectual distinctions. To them, Stalinism is the same as Communism, post-Stalin Russia is merely a continuation of Leninist Russia, Communists outside the Soviet Union are animated by the same goals and passions as the men in the Kremlin, and finally the latter's aspirations are equated with those of the lowly *apparatchik*, or small-fry functionary. "The era of diplomatic cordiality and relaxed domestic discipline . . . is a mere pause in which plots for new strategies of foreign conquest and domestic control are being worked out"— this is the sum total of the authors' brilliant contribution to understanding what has happened in the Soviet empire in the last four years. It is all too simple, too pat—and all too dangerously misleading. One wonders why the Foreign Policy Research Institute at the University of Pennsylvania ever bothered.

Notes on Contributors

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THEATRE

A Long Day's Journey Into O'Neill

THE Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm received the manuscript of Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet* from the playwright's widow in gratitude for the theatre's previous productions of O'Neill. *Long Day's Journey Into Night* had its world premiere here a season ago, and the present work is the eleventh O'Neill play staged at this theatre.

The action of *A Touch of the Poet* takes place on July 27, 1828, in the dining room of The Melody Tavern a few miles from Boston. The tavern is the property of Cornelius Melody, an Anglo-Irish man of gentle parentage, formerly a major in Wellington's army, who has migrated to New England in disgrace. He looks upon his wife, Nora, as a simple peasant, best suited to be his servant.

The plot evolves around the love of Melody's daughter, Sara, and a rich-man's son, Simon Harford, who never appears in the play. Sara sees marriage with Simon as her chance to rise in the world. She wants wealth and position and gives signs of having inherited her father's pride.

Finding the rich-man's son a "gentleman," Con feels the prospects of his marrying Sara desirable. The thought that Simon's parents would take objection to the difference in social position does not enter his mind as he sees a Major in Wellington's army more worthy than a successful businessman. Con is willing to give his consent after an agreement with the boy's father about the dowry and other matters necessary for a suitable marriage. Sara, however, realizes that the Harford's will object to the social difference.

As the play unfolds, Mrs. Harford arrives to see her sick son who is staying in Melody's Tavern. When she arrives, Melody is alone in the dining room and being unaware of her identity, he tries to flirt with the attractive lady, only to be rebuked and disgraced when he hears that she is Simon's mother. After her departure, Melody's injured pride compels him to forbid a marriage between the boy and his daughter, saying she is a "common, greedy scheming, cunning peasant girl." He would only consent if she were pregnant and possibly not even then.

Melody is faced with reality on the arrival of Harford's attorney who has come to offer him a bribe to end the relationship between Sara and Simon and leave this part of the country. Con refuses to accept the truth and goes off to challenge the rich businessman to a duel. He returns with a look of having suffered a stroke and in a stupor. Slowly he comes to and talks incoherently about what a fool the Major has made of himself. And then he goes out to the stable with his dueling pistols and a "crazy dead look in his eyes" as Nora says. A shot is heard and Con returns with his face "like gray wax." He has shot the symbol of his pride, his lame thoroughbred mare. He no longer speaks like a gentleman but rather in an Irish peasant dialect. He explains his action was the only way to free himself from the imprisoning pride of the Major, saying:

> Wasn't she the livin' reminder, so to spake, av all his lyin' boasts and dreams? He meant to kill her first wid one pistol, and then himself wid the other. But faix, he saw the shot that killed her finished him, too.

A Touch of the Poet is reminiscent of Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. When Melody shoots his mare whose beauty, elegance and aristocratic grace he had praised and adored, he kills the lies surrounding his life. The shooting of the wounded wild duck performed a similar symbolic function in Ibsen's work. The importance of life-lies has been portrayed in many of O'Neill's works and most particularly in *The Iceman Cometh*.

When Melody announces that his alter ego, the Major, is dead and he will now live in a simple manner, his daughter cries and deplores his loss of pride. She says that it was the Major she had loved. But his wife tells her to let him be for "he's had to live all his life alone in the hell of pride" and maybe now he will be able to make friends. As the play ends, one feels that the Major's vain pride lives on in his father-bound daughter.

The Stockholm production as a whole was fascinating and will belong to the best presented on this stage. The play was published simultaneously in Swedish.

Stockholm FREDERIC FLEISHER

RECORDS

Toscanini's Verdi

AN extraordinary amount of the writing about Toscanini has had no relation to objectively perceptible fact in his work. This was true of the praise when the way to show one's knowledge was to praise him; and it is true of much of the dispraise now that the way to show one's knowledge is to criticize him. When some German listeners pronounced the luminous clarity and grace of Toscanini's *Meistersinger* or his Brahms unsuitable, they were applying understandable and valid criteria to accurately heard performances. Not so when certain of the opera specialists have criticized the Toscanini broadcasts of opera that RCA Victor has issued on records.

The performances these critics approve of are the ones in which the singers are allowed to show off their voices at any cost to shape of phrase and continuity of flow; the performances they disapprove of are the ones in which the singers are held by Toscanini to tempo and shape of phrase, as in the previously issued *La Traviata, Otello, Falstaff* and *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the *Aida* now issued on Victor LM-6132. The approval and disapproval are not, of course, expressed in those terms: the self-indulgent singing is called "expressive"; the tempos and style that permit it "idiomatic"; the Toscanini tempos and style that prevent it "symphonic." Virgil Thomson made up in his head a Toscanini who was an opera conductor until the age of 50, when he had to deal with the symphonic repertory without knowledge of its traditions, and solved the problem by streamlining it; from the opera specialists I have re-

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ferred to a reader would get the idea of Toscanini as a symphonic conductor who in his old age, lacking knowledge of what is "idiomatic" in the performance of Verdi, streamlined *this* music. Nor is it only with excessively fast and rigid tempos that he is alleged to have made it impossible for the singers to do more than produce the notes without expressiveness: he is accused of having preferred the inexperienced or undistinguished singers who were willing to submit to his tyranny; and to his accusers' ears the performances betray not only the singers' lack of experience and distinction but their terror of him.

It is therefore necessary to point out, for one thing, that the Toscanini performances of Verdi on records that are pronounced "symphonic" are those of a man who conducted his first *Aida* in the opera house in 1886, and his last *Falstaff* there in 1937; and I can testify that his Salzburg performances of 1937 and his Milan Scala performances of 1929 were like the performances now on records in their freedom from the singers' "idiomatic" distortions that Verdi fought against all his life. Those performances were not the result of Toscanini's ignorance of what was "idiomatic"; they were the product of his respect for the composer's text, and of the personal performing style that Toscanini brought to all music — to opera at 18, to symphonic music at 28— a style whose outstanding characteristic was a coherent plasticity that tended always toward greater simplicity, economy, subtlety. His beat, then, was never anything but flexible in relation to the music; and in relation to the singer it was unyielding only in compelling her to operate within the beautifully plastic flow it created in the music. This didn't prevent Destinn or Hempel or Fremstad from singing expressively; nor did it prevent Milanov, Warren and Peerce from doing so in the Act 4 of *Rigoletto* that Victor has included in LM-6041, *Verdi and Toscanini*; nor did it prevent the singers in the *Aida* on LM-6132.

This brings me to the other thing that must be pointed out: that the driving tempos and mediocre singing which the critics have reported hearing in the performances are mostly not there to be heard. A recent reveiw of the *Aida* in *The Reporter* accepted Richard Tucker, the Rhadames, as "the most proficient current exponent" of the role in 1949, but contended that

> . . . someone more impressive than Herva Nelli could have been found for the Aida and someone more opulent and finished than Eva Gustavson for the Amneris. Toscanini doubtless sought malleable singers; these, however, proved yielding to the point where frequently they sound thoroughly frightened and intimidated,

and this not only "in the sections where Toscanini pursued a breakneck tempo" —for example the conclusion of the Aida-Rhadames duet in Act 3—but "even where the pace is more leisurely and the direction more permissive." But my ears hear a lack of warmth and luster in Tucker's voice, and beautiful and expressive singing by Nelli, Gustavson and Valdengo. Which is to say that I hear no fright or intimidation anywhere except in the phrase near the end of *"O patria mia"* that climbs to high C and would frighten even a greater singer than Nelli if she were, as Nelli is, made to sing it all in one breath. And I hear the breakneck tempo at the end of the duet in Act 3, but nowhere else—the rightness of Toscanini's pacing being one of the things that give the performance the effect of revelation. The others are the accurately played orchestral part whose every detail is in active and expressive relation to what is being sung; the accurately shaped vocal phrases that are fitted precisely into the orchestral context; the progression of the two that is clear in outline and texture, coherent in shape, continuous in tension. The Studio 8H sound of the portions taken from the 1949 rehearsals and broadcasts is agreeable, but needs, on high-fidelity equipment, reduction of treble to cancel Victor's peaking of it.

A similar reduction of treble and an increase of bass are required by the Act 4 of *Rigoletto* and most of the other pieces in LM-6041: the *Hymn of the Nations* and excerpts from *Nabucco, I Lombardi, I Vespri Siciliani* and *Otello*. The *Rigoletto* needs in addition an 8-kc cut-off, the *Hymn* a 6-kc cut-off, for tape-hiss and distortion. The *Forza del Destino Overture* (previously issued with falsifying "enhancement" in LM-6026), needs only additional bass.

B. H. Haggin

A Communication

(*Continued from page 3*)

who will write the 1960 platform. It is significant that the same editors who last January dismissed as "premature" the resolutions to repeal the 22nd Amendment introduced by Senator Neuberger and myself are today admitting that this Amendment contributes considerably to the President's declining political influence.

It is ironic that Eisenhower, the advocate of a modernized Republican Party, has himself failed to put into play all of the powers a modern President must exercise to establish his authority with Congress. I say this mindful of his sudden spurt of enterprise on behalf of foreign aid and the comment of Mr. Reston of the *New York Times* that the day of his TV speech on foreign aid and the day following were "the two most effective days of his second Administration." Mr. Eisenhower still has not overcome the preconception he brought to the White House that the Congress was a sort of sovereign entity whose "coordinate" prerogatives should be scrupulously respected. This attitude helps to explain why his weekly broadcasts with Republican leaders William Knowland and Joseph Martin have become little more than an innocent ceremony. Likewise, Ike's softness as a party commander-in-chief does much to explain the slack discipline in Republican ranks this year.

He should know that members of Congress are hardened survivors of rough and tumble politics where the rules of the game include such things as patronage, "threats," and pats on the back. The same day the President made his first TV budget speech to the nation, C. L. Sulzberger of the *New York Times*, writing from London, described Prime Minister Macmillan as a "tough" man with "a quality of ruthlessness and self-confidence which has marked this nation's better leaders over the centuries." Reasonable party discipline is still the rule and not the exception in the politics of parliamentary democracies. Mr. Eisenhower's idol, Abe Lincoln, did not flinch when it came to the old-fashioned political horsetrading that demeans no President.

In short, my point is that a "strong"

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President has the strength of a lion precisely because he knows—and on occasion can use—the ways of the fox. Unfortunately, Eisenhower has never really grasped this fact. May I illustrate by citing the President's inability to create a team feeling among the rank and file of Republican Congressmen. In part at least, his military staff system at the White House has been his undoing. A firm believer in teamwork and staff protocol within the Executive, he has never fully accepted his fellow Republicans in the Congress as an integral part of the same team. Worse, his contacts with Congress have been almost exclusively through his staff. He has missed the point that the Senators and Representatives are his front line colonels and majors, and that our system of government works best when, in unmilitary fashion, these line officers have direct and frequent contact with their supreme commander.

Although the President admits to having "degrees of enthusiasm about people that stand with me and those that stand against me," when asked whether he planned to work with the modern Republican Senators who are defending his policies, the President gave this revealing reply: "I do not see how it is possible for any President to work with Republican groups in Congress except through their elected leaders." This attitude is utterly unrealistic. Indeed, he apparently considers that it would be highly improper for him to "go behind the backs of the leaders" to confer with Congressional groups. But Congress has many blocs and many leaders—some with no titles. Leadership requires total mobilization of all those willing to be led.

If the President had a corps of Republican Congressmen who had strong personal ties to him, his program would not be in such peril today. The weakness of Eisenhower's hold on the elected rank and file of his party was dramatized the morning after the President's first TV appeal-to-the-people, when not a single Republican in the House rose to commend him for his statement or offer support. (By contrast, Democrat Frank Thompson Jr. of New Jersey spent five hours the same day drafting and circulating a wire to the President—ultimately signed by 42 Democrats—pledging opposition to "reckless economies.")

While they worked closely and effectively with the Rayburns and the Barkleys, Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman drew much of their political strength from the groups of Congressmen who beat a path to their inner office. (Rep. James Roosevelt, who served as his father's personal secretary during part of his second term, told me recently that FDR carried on a running correspondence with at least 50 members of Congress, and usually had several conferences each day with men from the Hill.) The exchange of ideas at those conferences—yes, and the give and take of patronage—ensured that the Administration would always have vigorous advocates in party councils and on the floor of the House and Senate. Yet during the first nine weeks of his second term only three Congressmen (all Senators) were able to obtain personal interviews with President Eisenhower. I know several Republicans who, over the past four years, have met the President only on formal occasions and have never had a personal audience—in a group or otherwise. Peter Frelinghuysen Jr. used his newsletter to express the frustration of these Congressmen:

> Justified or not, there are many rank-and-file Republicans who feel "left out of things." Were those members consulted more often, the Administration might be surprised to find them actually in substantial agreement with Presidential policy. However, when they are ignored and allowed to feel "unwanted," such Congressmen become, perhaps unconsciously, vulnerable to arguments opposing the President's program.

Is it any wonder the President has so few last-ditch defenders in the Congress? Or, that the 54 Republican "freshmen" who in July, 1955, called on the President to stand for re-election had, according to the mid-May issue of the *Congressional Quarterly*, a 34 percent average Eisenhower-support score on rollcalls, while Representative Thompson's 42 Democrats' average score was 77 percent?

After asserting, with obvious distaste, that he would not use "threats" against his party workers in the Congress, the President told a recent press conference that he did hope to persuade them by "quiet conversations." If he really wants to save his budget and his program, he might start by dispersing his cordon of assistants and undertake a daily round of such conversations with small groups of Republican Congressmen—and perhaps some Democrats as well. Instead of appealing to the people to appeal to their elected Representatives, the President might expend his energies more profitably in an intimate personal appeal to the Congressmen themselves.

If Mr. Eisenhower should decide to make such an appeal, he might retrieve part of his program yet. As a Democratic Congressmen who believes our nation needs the best possible leadership during the next three and one-half years, I can only hope the President will put his powers of persuasion to new uses.

STEWART UDALL

Congressman Udall is serving his second term in the House as the Representative of the Second Ditsrict in Arizona.

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